MOW FOND MOTHERS TRICK OUT THEIR LITTLE ONES THIS SEASON.

is Mouraing Costumes More Neat than Bloomy - Combinations of Black and White that Go Well with Young Figures, A depiction of summer fashions for chileren is sure to interest mothers particularly, and to make pleasant pictures for readers generally. Nothing seen in a round of the gatering places is more agreeably showy than modishly clad youngsters. Garments that would be grotesque on a woman are successally picturesque on the belie of a single deeade, and no expedient of tollet seems too bold adoption on her behalf. One of the prettiest of the misses in a hotel at the seashore now is a fatherless child whose toilers are



SHE AND HER LAMBEIN. all in mourning. There is a fancy among the little folks by the way, for lambs as pets, and this child, at the time of the sketch, head to heels as herself. But it is her frock that is worth describing as an example juvenile mourning. The black collar, cuffs, id lower border of the white dress were made flustreless jet goods. Many object to all in-lications of bereavement in a child's clothes. but the fashion is nevertheless followed in many cases. When entire black is worn, the material may be India silk, cashmere, or nun's willing, but never crape. Clear and entire Cream white is no more indicative of mourn-ing than pink would be, according to usage. It must be a blue shade of white. Nainsook white dresses are tucked and hemstitched, or with mbroidery or lace. Mourning hats for chil



JUST A LYTTLE BLACK. dren are trimmed with blue-white gros grain with these tollets must be plain black, or white

nd black striped. But black and white stripes in themselves do ot mean bereavement, this summer, any They appear in all sorts of fabrics and are made up in all sorts of ways. The larger girl in the second picture wears striped flannel made up in a sailor-like suit, and her cap is a tassel in the centre. Such stripes appear in all imaginable colors, not only separately with hite, but often alternating in light and dark hues, although white is commonly there. The ree-year-old has black socks and light-colored shoes, such as abound for all ages at the ore. Her dress is white nainsook. The sun bonnet is white linen with blue dots.



Young habias' fashions are almost unchange. able from year to year, the long white robes being ever the same, with differences only in the lack or the elaboration of trimmings. The first short dresses put on the little darlings are first short dresses put on the little darlings are always loose, with French yokes. The next in the succession—that is to say, of four years and over—are various. Formerly white was invariably kept on them, but it is not so now. Now they wear colored challs, light cashmeres, and figured and plain India silks, as much as they do white materials, "And at what age does a child take notice of its clothes?" we asked of a Fifth avenue designer of juvenile fashions.



MISS PERT AND MISS PRIM.

"I'm not joking." he replied, "when I assure you that the age is younger in girls than in boys. It is solemnly and truly so. Mebbe it is instinctive in the sex, and mebbe it is because little girls are apt to be more adorned than boys. Any how, a girl of 2 years is generally quite conscious of her clothes, while a boy is carsiess of them. The precedity of girl bables is oftenest shown in the direction of apparel, while boys take no interest in their garb.

Apropos of tendencies in children, it is usage now for wealthy parents to hire governesses to suit the natures of their offspring. A too sedate and diffident child is provided with a semi-menial companion of vivacious ways and somewhat forward manner, so that some of the elder's liveliness may be imbited. On the convars, a little halress of too bouncy a nature a put with Miss Prim for a governess, that into Miss Pert may by the companionship be subdued into gentleness of demeans, Miss Port, as here pictured, waars a fashionable white flannel coat and a Turkish each with black ally stockloss and low shoes.

Coats for little girls to wear next fall will often have wide collars and lapels. The tendency has to be toward garments that give seeming breadth, by means of spreading appendages. This will possibly be a departure from that siender simplicity naturally pertaining to childhood, but it is going to be made, all the same. Aiready elender little creatures are semetimes seen at the resorts with suspiciously plump calvos in their black stockings. "Black makes her legs look so tiny," says the fond mother, by way of excuse for the artificiality, "that I have to pad them a little." The widest imaginable range of taste is observable in the costuming of children at such miscellaneous resorts as Saratoga and Long Branch. Some of the little heiresses of millions are simply and childishly robed, exquisite good taste sufficing to produce effective results. Contrasted with these excellent examples of common sense are to be seen children made ridiculous by finery unsuitable to their years. A children's carnival at the coashore is a place to study these vagaries. One 5-year-old belle, on such an occasion, displayed stockings as pink and long as though for a ballet, and on her feet were low slippers, instead of the high ones in general vorus. Her white dress had a long straight waist, with a seah so low down that only a mere ruffle of a skirt showed below it. There were no sleeves, and the bodice was low. Nothing can be worse than decollete waists for children, and yet they are seen at every summer hall for the little ones. Her hair was tied back

There were no sleeves, and the bodice was low. Nothing can be worse than decollete waists for children, and yet they are seen at every summer bail for the little ones. Her hair was tied back with a pink ribbon. She was altogether as pietorial as a stage fairy, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children would have been pardonable for interfering.

How much more admirable is the girl in the swing, with her hair flowing childishly free, and her blouse of white flanned unembellished. Take that figure for approved style in children's dressing and you will not be making a mistake. True, it shows only one garment in a hundred equally acceptable to cultured taste, but it expresses the meaning of the advice here sought to be given that the mother who overdoes the adornment of her children defeats her desire of making them really attractive. To the credit of the average mother, vulgarity in the costuming of children is uncommon. The reform in that regard within ten or fifteen years is radical. The Long Branch or Saratoga of 1870 to 75 was full of juvenile specimens of too rapid enrichment. The era of sheddyism was hardly ever, and the desire was a stage of the content of the content



THIS IN NATURAL AND NEAT.

flummery. Nowadays the offences in that line are comparatively few. Artistic designs in little garments are appreciatively bought, and there are in this city dozons of establishments devoted exclusively to the sale of youngsters' line clothes. The best and most original work is done by Frenchmen, who are in several instances amassing fortunes very fast, for their charges are astonishingly high, especially when special garments are originated, or modified, to fill the orders of particular customers. The price does not in these cases depend much on the texture of the fabric used, but almost altogether on the time and talent consumed in the production.

The girl whose scothing attentions are bestowed on the weeping boy in the jersey sult may not strike you as clad in a costly way. Her hat is felt and her frock is gingham. The intrinsic value of all upon her would not aggregate ten dollars, but they cost her able-pursed father forty, because they came



NOT SHOWT BUT COSTLY.

from a Fifth avenue adept. "I want an everyday costume for Adele—something simple but becoming," said the mother. She made no mention of prices. Why should she? Monsieur looked critically at the girl. A plenty of blond hair, banged across her forehead and hanging fuffily over her shoulders, was the distinguishing characteristic. A big soft white felt halt would look well on that head. A gingham frock of old rose and white would harmonize with the hair and hat; and, besides, that particular shade of rose was a fresh importation, and had not yet gives a touch of oddity. Thus, a ten-dollar suit is sold at forty dollars by a skifful man to a wealthy and exacting woman. However, no mother need sour her temper with envy over that especial toilet, for the explanation of it is sufficient for duplication by any reasonably imitative wielder of scissors and needle.

"There is nothing in which a woman can so well indulge her vanity and cultivate her tasta." said William Bartain, the painter, "as in devising and making pretty clothes for her little boys and girls. The cheapest of materials can be chosen, and, all sorts of odds and ends from adults' worn-out garments can be utilized. Taste and ingenuity will produce excellent effects out of simple materials. I am spending the summer down at Nonquitt. A colony of artists have places there. It has happened that a number of city children are in sight there, and many of the aspects of the youngsters have tempted the pencils of my artist acquaintances. This appreciation has incited the mothers, perhaps, to special enfectors, and the little girls and boys are often fit for pictures." from a Fifth avenue adept. "I want an everyday costume for Adele—something simple

A COMPLICATED CASE.

Justice Rumbettom Acknowledges that he Can Hardly See his Way Clear is It.

From the Albany Times.
Our esteemed friend, Justice Russbottom,

Our esteemed friend, Justice Russbottom, has sent us a short recital of a case on which he is adjudicating, and which contains some interesting particulars and perplexities of the law that even more learned disciples of jurisprudence may be pleased to consider.

One Jonas Bench, a reputable young gentleman of dude characteristics from the metropolis, was paying clandestine attention to Miss Malvina Clutterbuck, the beautiful daughter of one of Greene county's most substantial farmers, and in the course of a delicate coquetting match at the Clutterbuck gate on Thursday night, Mr. Bench being outside on the roadway and Miss Clutterbuck being inside, a bull tossed Mr. Bench over the fonce, where Mr. Clutterbuck kieked him. The case before Justice Russbottom consists of a complaint against Farmer Clutterbuck for assault, a demand for a process by which the ownership of the bull may be ascertained in order that a suit for damages may be instituted by Mr. Bench, and a counter charge of trespass against Mr. Bench by Mr. Clutterbuck, because of the young gentleman's entrance upon his grounds at the time the bull tossed him. The learned Justice admits that the case somewhat puzzles him.

As to the assault by Farmer Clutterbuck, the Justice has given to the young man an informal opinion that a city beau must expect to take his life in his hands when he goes clandestinely courting a mountain girl, and he's but a recreant lover who reserts to the courts for redress for any bedily inconvenience arising from his own lovemaking. He cites all the traditional precedents in romance and history to show that the lover who succeeds is the only lover with whom the world or law or society will have the slightest sympathy, and that in the case of Mr. Bench, it were better that he bandaged his wounds in silence and sat for days in arnica and humility, than that he should expose himself the contempt and ruin by a suit. He thought that if the young man should cease his visits to Miss Clutterbuck, and proceed no further in his process rel

The San Francisco Mising Exchange.

From the Glose Democras.

San Francisco, Aug. 4.—One of the strangest features in San Francisco is the mining stock market. Once a controlling element in the business life of the city, after the death of Ralston and the collapse of the Comstock benanzas it lost ground, inch by inch, until now it plays a very insignificant part. Yet it has wonderful vitality, and it has survived stagnation that would have proved fatal to any other interest that was not founded on speculation.

The HEYDAY OF PROSPREITY.

Of course the discovery of the silver mines on the Comstock lode in Nevada made the San Francisco Mining Exchange. There was no limit to the number of mines that were listed, and despite the great proporton of the properties that were undeveloped and had no claim to public consideration, people seemed to invest as eagerly in these wildcats, as they were called, as in bona fide, dividend-paying mines. A magnificent mining exchange was built on Pine street that cost \$100,000, Marble pavements in artistic mosaic, elaborate frescoes, costly carred work in rare native woods, elegant upholstery—all these were fentures of the temple erected to the Goddess of Speculation. The brokers at the height of the bonanza period paid \$30,000 each for their seats. They were the best dressed body of men in the world. Most of them were in their prime. All were rich in fact or in prospect; many of them made \$1000 a day in commissions alone; others counted their gains by lucky investment and sale by the tens of thousands. The great Comstock mines were pouring a flood of about \$1.000,000 a week in silver and gold through this Exchange.

Every one seemed to have drunk of the strong wine of speculation. Even the woren were not

Every one seemed to have drunk of the strong wine of speculation. Even the women were not free from this mania for gambling in mining stocks. It was a common sight to see richly dressed Indies drive up in their handsome carriages to the doors of popular brokers and give their orders for purchases or sales involving thousands of dollars. The broker was the ido and darling of society, as he was surrounded with a golden sureole. His advice in regard to stocks was eagerly sought, his acquaintance was valued for the "pointers" he might chance to drop in the ear of a friend. The broker spent his money, so easily gained, in royal fashion. He was arrayed in purple and fine linen; he made this city one of the best markets in the world for the sale of fine diamonds; he stimulated the establishment of some of the best French restaurants outside of Paris; he led Senator Jones to spend a quarter of a million on a sorgeously decorated Hamman, a bath house built and fitted up on the model of the meet luxurious establishment of the kind in Constantinople; he spent hundreds in a night on a moonlight trip with four-in-hand to the Cliff House, or on an early breakfast at that seaside retreat, which a modern Luculus would have found without a flaw.

WRECKS OF THE BIG BONANZA BOOM. WRECKS OF THE BIG BONANZA BOOM.

WRECKS OF THE BIG BONANZA BOOM.

Thus was bred a luxury which made San Francisco a remarkably pleasant city to abide in and which it has never yet lost. But it led to fearful wrecks of humanity when the collapse of the mining bubble came. It was one of the marvels of this period of rampant speculation that no one dreamed there could be an end of the golden stream that flowed through this city from the Nevada mines. The history of all mining has shown that a time comes when even the richest properties fail. Yet, confident in the bellef that the bonanzas were inexhaustible, there were many San Franciscans who refused to sell when Consolidated Virginia was \$900 a share, and who saw the same stock drop to \$2 within four years, with assessments substituted for monthly dividends. Many had converted their entire fortune into money and bought these bonanza stocks because of the royal income that they paid. Of course, when the minos began to fail the stock dropped very suddenly. The inside manipulators had rid themselves of as much as possible. A great panic ensued; thousands were virtually beggared for they foolishly held on to stocks that had cost them high prices until they had no longer any market value.

The ASSESSMENT JUGGERNAUT.

THE ASSESSMENT JUGGERNAUT.

Then began the period of the assessment mill, which has done more to retard San Francisco's growth than any other single cause. The stocks of the Comstock mines were widely scattered and were held by many poor people in small lots. It is one of the peculiarities of stock gambling that the man who has paid a good price for mining stock parts with it only when he is actually unable to pay another assessment. So thousands of these small holders of bonanza stocks paid regular assessments of \$1 or 50 cents per month on each share of stock, until finally poverty or digust forced them to release their grip on what had cost them so dear. In this way the savings of a large proportion of the working people of this city and of many other places in the State were divorted into the Stock Exchange. The bulk of this revenue went into the pockets of the managers of the mines. The situation was this: This mining machinery and outfit had cost millions; the mines had to be worked or the rising of the water would flood and permanently ruin them; the Miners' Union insisted on the high rate of \$4 per day of eight hours. So when the quality of the ore declined there was an immediate deficit, which had to be supplied by assessments. THE ASSESSMENT JUGGERNAUT.

A DRAIN ON PROSPERITT. In the twelve years since the bonanza mines ceased to any large dividends it has been estimated that more money has been paid out in assessments on Comstock property than the mines ever paid in dividends to the stockholders. The regular Comstock mines, in which legitimate work was done, all had deficits up ers. The regular Comstock mines, in which legitimate work was done, all had deficits up to last year, and these deficits were met by assessments of from 50 cents to \$1 per share. But there were scores of other mines, which were laid out on an ambitious scale during the great bonanza boom, and stock floated at varying prices, but on which no stroke of actual work has ever been done. The directors could not bring themselves to abandon a property that was good for a yearly revenue of several hundred thousand deliars in assessments, so they generally made some prelence of development, circulated reports of orders for the purchase of milling machinery, and then began to collect assessments. It would not seem that any one would pay assessments on a mine which did not even have a hole in the ground, but the fact is that these manipulators counted on the credulity and greed of the speculator, which always runs away with his judgment. They proved to be clever judges, for in many cases hundreds of thousands of dollars have been paid in assessments on properties that would be dear at \$20.000.

cases hundreds of thousands of dollars have been paid in assessments on proporties that would be dear at \$20,000.

SOME EWINDLING DEVICES.

By such methods has legitimate mining been brought into disrepute here. Another method is that of freezing out, by heavy assessments, the small shareholders when any good is seen the small shareholders when the other day in talking of this subject: "It would make an interesting record to trace the mining stock deals which have been made on Pine street in ten years. Scarcely one, until the last year, when really good ore was found in Consolidated Virginia, has been an honest transaction. The same old game of false reports of rich ore bodies, large assays, and splendid prospects has been played, and the astonishing thing is that the suckers who bite and are guiled are the same old crowd. Of course there are readorements of new recruits, who are drawn into the market by the hope of making a fortune without work: but the majority are men and women who have lost several thousand dollars in speculation, but who hope to finally recoup themselves by a lucky siroke. The curious thing about it is that they never lose heart. They are ust as sanguine now as they were ten years ago, when the sensation of gambling was a novel excitement. They don't seem ever to get tired of it and the women are more tiroless than the men.

FEMALE STOCK SPECULATORS.

These women who have the sensation of gambling was a novel excitement. They don't seem ever to get tired of it and the women are more tiroless than the men. The second of the get of the precuration of the property in the city whic SOME SWINDLING DEVICES.

THE COMSTOCK SWINDLERS.

A TRUE STORY THAT NO WILD ROMANCE CAN PARALLEL.

The Richest of American Bounanas Over
86.000,000 Paid in Dividenda-History of
the San Francisco Mining Exchange.
From the Stok-Democral.

San Francisco, Aug. 4.—One of the stranges features in San Francisco is the mining
stock market. Once a controlling element in
the business life of the city, after the death of
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mad shortened the market when the stock was down, and were now compelled to buy in order to escape greater loss.

Mackay and young Jim Flood engineered the deal, and they pushed up Consolidated Virginia to \$57. The brokers were so badly cramped that it looked as though the whole of I'me street would be bankrupt. They couldn't get the stock, and young Flood swore a royal onth that he would shove Consolidated Virginia up to \$100. So the frightened brokers telegraphed to old Flood, who was in New York telling him how they were lived, and begging him to come back and stop the deal. Flood harried home, but before he reached here about a dozen brokers had lailed. He called a halt, the Exchange was closed for three days, estensibly to allow the brokers to adjust their accounts, and the deal was broken. Consolidated Virginia slipped back rapidly to \$50, where it remained for several months. The most pathetic feature of this deal was the hard luck of the "Mudhens." Many of them held stock which at the highest figures would have brought them \$50,000. Most of the brokers who did business with the women falled, and when their accounts were examined it was found they had used their clients' stock to save themselves. So most of these women who had actually possessed a fortune by right of lucky speculation. Tound themselves reduced to a beggariy profit, as the brokers didn't pay over thirty cents on the dollar.

An outfut of six Millions.

Since this new body of ore was struck in Consolidated Virginia two years ago the mise has

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

It Mas Been Discovered at Last With Ressouable Certainty.

From the Pall Mail Gazette.

Prem the Pall Mail Garatis.

"We have generally an announcement to inake, but not often of so much importance as that of this day. It is the discovery of the Pool of Bethesda." So writes Mr. Waiter lesant in the Quarierity Statement issued by the Pelestine Exploration Fund. He is jubilant, as all Palestine enthusiasis are likely to be, that a vexed question in regard to a site is apparently settled forever.

Bethesda is mentioned only by the fourth Evangelist. In the fifth chapter of his gospel, John says: "Now there is at Jerusalem by the sheep market for gatel a pool which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches," The word translated "pool" in the authorized version is given by some authorities as "swimming bath;" and the parase "pool by the sheep market" is possibly better rendered "sheep pool," as being a trace of the carcasses of sheep washed in it before sacrifice; hence the name. There were, according to the Evangelist, five porches, or porticoes, around the pool. These, Dr. Geikie thinks, charity built for the accommodation of sufferers. It seems to us, however, equally probable that they formed part of the orkinal scheme for the bath. Five porticoes would seem to imply a pentagonal structure; but this is by no means essential. A rectangular pool with a portice on every side, divided by one across the middle, would answer the description. "Bethesda" ta Hebrew name which was very probably invented by St. John may mean either "house of mercy" or "the place of the pouring forth" in water, done which was very probably invented by St. John may mean either "house of mercy" or "the place of the pouring forth" in water, done to St. Stephen's Gate, stands the Church of St. Anne. At the inne of the Crimean war it was a ruined mosque, but when the French came into possession of it they restored the church and handed it over to the Aigerian monks. It is near this Church of St. Anne. And in connection with exercitions as deserted to great the church are suited as the order of the source of the s

S10,000,000.

From the Einited Advertiser.

John McCune, the largest single oil pro-John McCune, the largest single oil producer in the world, whose estate is worth \$10,000,000, is about \$5 years of age, of medium size, and dark complexion. His face is smooth-shaven except that he wears a heavy black moustache. His history is a remarkable one. He was born in Ireland, and landed at Castle Gardon less than twenty-five years ago with scarcely a dollar in his pocket. He drifted into the oil country and became an oil well driller. By lucky accident he obtained large interests in the Bingham lands at Bradford when the field was in its infancy. He left Bradford worth some \$2,000,000. Since that time his operations as an oil producer have been invariably successful, and his wealth, as stated above, is not less than \$10,000,000. A large part of his fortune is invested in Government bonds, and he also owns an immense eattle ranch in Colorado. He is one of the most modest and unassuming of men, of polished manners, and speaks as smoothly as though a native American. His home is at Washington, Fa.

See that the property of the control of the best person to the field of the property of the control of the best person to the field of the property of the pro

wasn't reported that the Bermit Bad money, and of my replying that our bired man said he haid thousands of dollars hidden away. He asked if I had ever been to the bermit's place, whether he was known to have a gun, and other these was known to have a gun, and other these was known to have a gun, and other these was known to have a gun, and other these was the was the was the was the wastern to bed. I was astern the wastern the to bed and the folks about meeting the stranger, but the matter excited little comment, and it was not in my mind when I went to bed. I was also asteep when he turned out in the morning.

Now, then, that night I had my second singular dream. Mind you, I had never been to do the work of the wastern the morning of the wastern the morning of the work of the tonce I found myself in front of his little for house, and knew that it was his. The place looked poverty poor. I noticed the single window in front, a loach in the yard, an old saythe hanging up in a tree, a grindstone with his face broken, and a path leading back to a spring. I was surreying the place when I heard loud and angry voices in the house and say a light at the window. I climbed over the pole fonce an intocoked in, and a path leading back to a spring. I have surely my the the wastern than a stood over him with the man was the stranger I had met down the road that day, He was after the hermit's money, and was the stranger I had met down the road that day, He was after the hermit's money, and was the stranger I had met down the road that day, He was after the hermit's meney, and was the stranger had been round to fact the place to the hermit and the hermit and the wastern that he wastern the hermit and the himself wastern the wastern

GOOD STORIES OF THIS DAY.

PHILOSOPHY RADLY BEATEN.

My Three Strange Dreams, which Can be seeded at but Not Explained.

Propound the query. "Are there ghosts?" to one hundred adult people, as you come to them in turn, and ninety-five will return a prompt negative. Propound the query, "Is there anything in dreams?" to one hundred adult people, as you come to them in turn, and ninety-five will return a prompt negative. Propound the query, "Is there anything in dreams?" to one hundred adults, and it is doubtful if one-fitth of them will reply in the negative. Indeed, it may safely be asserted that at least ninety-five adults out of every hundred the world over have had dreams which were wholly or in part fulfilled. It isn't so very wonderful that the mind should refuse to sleep with the body, and should wander away from it into strange realms; but "having dreams" and "seeing shosts" is placed so nearly on a level by serior tasking, but the properties of the other public, I would not give them here exceent they had once been true. And yet 95 per cent of us believe in dreams, whether we admit it or not.

In my time I have had three remarkable dreams. While no more remarkable than hundreds of others given to the public, I would not give them here exceent they had once been publicly talked about, criticised, and shown to be remarkable. The first cluent of the public, I would not give them here exceent they had once been publicly talked about, criticised, and shown to be remarkable. The first cluent of the public, I would not give them here exceent they had once been to be of the other public, I would not give them here exceent they had once been to the public, I would not give them here exceent they had once been to the public, I would not give them here exceent they had once here the public, I would not give them here accepted the world over the public, I would not give them here accepted the world over the public, I would not give them here owned the public, I would not give them here owned the public, I would not

"Good gracious) ros. They are, the base of though," said she, at the same time, glanding though and she at the same time, glanding though and she at the same time of the though and she at the same to continue to the coldest inglist of last this office you had any old experience while at this office you had any old experience while at this office you had any old experience while at this office you had any old experience while at this office you had any old experience while at this office you had any old experience while at this office you had not not be soldest nights of last white, the thormonies was down below the property of the same. The first man low called your had not not be it at first, as I knew to door. I did not notice it at first, as I knew to door. I did not notice it at first, as I knew to door. I did not notice it at first, as I knew to door, and you had not not be in the would break in the door. Then he tend that the windows, and finally came back to the before. Norse had left the either and the present of the problems of the would break in the door. Then he tend in the windows, and finally came back to the before. Norse had left the eith and the present of the problems of the pro

HELD UP BY ROAD AGENTS.

FETERAN ENIGHTS OF THE BOX TELE HOW IT WAS DONE.

he Summary Methods of Black Bart-Talk Between Rebbers and Rebbed-The Man with a Bend on the Driver-A Com-stable in the Same Box.

From the San Francisco Examiner,
"One summer afternoon," said Stage "One summer afternoon," said Stage
Driver John Holmes, "while driving down
Berry Creek Hill, on the Oroville and Quiacy
road, with two passengers—D. W. Banks, a
lawyer of Modoe county, and Mrs. Jacob Millar, now of San Francisco—a tall man with a
white cloth over his face sprang into the road
from behind a bunch of mansanite, and, poking
a shotgun right up toward me, cried: 'Hold up?'
"I held up mighty sudden, and when he

"I held up mighty sudden, and when he said. Hand out that box, boy.' I didn't lose any time, but handed out that box sorter spry and cheerful, as though I was anxious to ac-commodate him. He did not molest me or the two passengers, or examine us to see whether we had any money or not, but took the express box and carried it out of the road to a low point where, as we afterward found, he opened